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Clockwork Vampire



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Chapter 1 by Jack Frost

I go by the name Vladimir Van Halen, but some call me monster. I am the Clockwork Vampire, and i am no monster. I am a creation. It started when i made a deal with the devil for power. I was dying, and i wanted to live longer. But my story doesn't start here. Oh no... it begins in Clockwork City. The place where every thing started. It all begins when i was young.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I had known from a young age that I was no living creature. I was artwork in motion.

My first piercing sat proudly on my tongue at the age of three years old. My mother had decided to spoil me a bit, and jumped for the gold ring instead of the silver. The salesman had nodded slowly, understanding the gravity of the women he was working with. For most, the jump from one precious metal to one of higher price would have put them in the red, what with Clockwork City's failing economy, but for the mayor's wife, money was no object. She later bragged to me that her singular purchase was what saved the shop from buckling under.

"This is only the beginning," my mother had told him as he steadied the needle on my fleshy

tongue. He's going to grow up to be one of the Painted Ones.

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To this day, I wonder how many times I've been told a mother say that. But anything probably sounds like a mother's love. I was a part of a decorated family.

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My second quickly turned into my third, and then my fourth. A row of jewels sat on the crest of my ear, an early sixth birthday present from my grandfather. Each glittered their own unique color in the setting sun as he took my hand and let me to an ice cream parlor.

My first tattoo, well, that was a special story. The koi fish still sits proudly on my upper left shoulder, splashing in a pond that has long dried up to my memory.

By the time I had met the devil, I was the proud owner of twenty seven piercings, five tattoos, and one gage. I was slacking, and I hadn't ever become a Painted One. My mother was long dead and would not be able to further shame me on this matter.

Still, to the devil, death means nothing but a state of awakening waiting to happen.

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